

# \$100 The Girl in Black \$100

999 Washington avenue, very much at drawback. Perhaps you would better your service," replied the other, easily. "You seem surprised to see me."

Roderick could not speak, but still stared open mouthed at the other man. It was almost as though he were gazing at a mirror.

"I see," went on the stranger, pointing toward the table. "That you have just been reading two letters addressed to me. Was that wholly honorable? But I suppose it was no more than might have been expected from a common housebreaker. But when it comes to annexing a check, picking up Kate Clark's gift for \$1000, 'that makes the offense a little too serious, my friend. You should be careful and stick to petit larceny.'"

He laughed softly, and folded the slip of green paper, preparatory to slipping it into his pocket.

"Drop that!" cried Van Nostrand, hoarsely. "I don't understand this and it's all a mystery beyond my reach. But I see enough to prove you've been impersonating me at my club and at the home of ladies I know. You've blackened my reputation by your villainy and entangled me in at least two affairs that it will take all my ingenuity to explain away. Who you are I don't know, or how you chance to resemble me so closely. But you shall not keep that check and you shall suffer the penalty of what you've already done. Your game is up. I've caught you."

"On the contrary, my dear double," sneered the stranger, calmly. "I've caught you. It was through no cleverness of yours that you discovered me. I came forward and announced my presence. Coming home from a call this evening," and he tapped a well-filled pocketbook as he spoke. "I enter my room to find a strange man reading my letters. And when I interrupt him he remarks that he has 'caught' me. The shoe is on the other foot, my friend. It seems you've relied on a certain resemblance to myself to enter my house. I catch you before you have a chance to rob me. I caught not to let you go, but—"

"To let me go!" echoed Roderick, stupidly. "So that's your game? To make yourself up to look like me. To try to bluff me and then to live on my money? It isn't worthy of a sane man. The first friend of mine you spoke to would see through it."

"So?" queried the stranger. "How about these friends of yours at the club who so kindly lent me money? If I didn't lose my temper I'd be borrowing from them yet. How about the fair ladies who have engaged themselves to me? That is, of course, supposing I am not Roderick Van Nostrand, which I am. Also, supposing I were an impostor (and what mere impostor could have made himself up to look precisely like Roderick Van Nostrand?) Do you suppose I wouldn't have taken the precaution to discover everything about your past, your mode of life and your habits past, before playing this master stroke? To be frank with you, my friend, I believed you dead. When I entered this room to-night I thought that you had died, rather suddenly, last evening. The fact that you are still alive is of course a

## A Romance of Six Girls' Love For One Man.

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Find the Heroine's Name. \$100 in Prizes.

FIRST PRIZE.....\$25

SECOND PRIZE.....10

13 OTHER PRIZES, EACH.....5

### THE BATTLE OF THE DOUBLES.



Roderick fought blindly, madly, confusedly.

the terrific punishment he had received, while his opponent was cool, in perfect condition, and made doubly strong by the furious anger that possessed him.

It was an odd sight, this silent, terrible struggle in the luxurious, softly lighted room. The two men, each the apparent counterpart of the other, linked in a death grapple, their faces purple and distorted with rage, their stamping feet making almost no sound on the thick Oriental rug, their heavy breathing alone breaking the stillness of the apartment.

Roderick fought blindly, madly, confusedly, his hands groping in the mass that had temporarily turned his brain. Skilled athlete that he was, he used none of the tricks that had won him fame as an amateur with the gloves and on the mat.

himself that he was fighting surged through his benumbed brain and seemed to draw back his fingers from the muscular white throat that writhed so near him.

The other man, on the contrary, lost none of his coolness, though his rage seemed as great as that of Van Nostrand. He played a waiting game, fighting solely on the defensive, hus-

banding his strength, waiting for Roderick to exhaust himself. Slowly, very slowly, Van Nostrand's splendid strength wore itself down. His breath came heavier and more labored. Once he broke through the other's guard and won the longed-for grip on the throat. The stranger's eyes stood out and his tongue protruded, from the awful pressure on his windpipe. Had Roderick's

strength not been sapped by the struggle that would have proved a death-grip for the Unknown. As it was, lights danced before the other's eyes and the blood beat like a trip-hammer in his brain. With a last superhuman effort he relaxed his hold on Roderick and sent his right fist crashing to the young man's jaw.

Van Nostrand's fingers loosed their grasp on the stranger's throat and he reeled backward. Drawing a full breath of air into his exhausted lungs, the stranger sent his left across to Roderick's jaw. There was but a fraction of a second's interval between the two blows.

Roderick Van Nostrand collapsed in an inert heap on the floor.

For some seconds the victor leaned against the wall, panting. The battle had shaken even his iron physique, and for a moment death had seemed to stare him in the face.

He recovered himself, however, and began a systematic search of the room. His first step was to take the bracelet from the floor, clasp it about his wrist and study carefully the sentence scratched on its tarnished surface. Next he picked up the rumpled check, smoothed it out and carefully put it in his pocket.

Then he went from place to place until at the back of a closet he discovered what he was looking for. He returned to the middle of the room carrying a suit of ragged clothes. It was the costume which had been put on Roderick by his mysterious assailant of the preceding night. Van Nostrand, remembering nothing of that attack when the drug had worn off, had been amazed to find himself thus clad. He had hung

## How to Find the Heroine's Name and Win One of the 15 Prizes.

THERE will be ten chapters in this story. In each is a misspelled word—not a blurred or broken word, but one plainly and clearly printed and intentionally misspelled. The absent letters of these words taken seriatim spell the heroine's name.

In the first chapter of the story was this sentence: "The loved one's features trace." "Loved" should have been "loved." The absent letter—the right letter for the correct word—was "v." That is the first letter of the Girl in Black's name. The nine other letters will be found in the same way in the nine other chapters.

Fill out the appended blank day by day as you read the story and the letters in the last column, following them downward, will spell the name. The misspelled word, the corrected word and the letter found for each chapter must be written in this blank. Don't send in blank until it is completely filled and the story finished.

The story will end Thursday, Nov. 19. Replies will be received by mail until 12 M. Saturday, Nov. 21. This will give out-of-town competitors a chance.

No. of Chapter.	Misspelled Word.	Corrected Word.	Letter.
1	LOFED	LOVED	V
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			

### THE HEROINE'S NAME

Name of Sender.....

Address.....

Send replies to "Girl in Black" Editor, Evening World, P. O. box 1354, New York City.

and greasy in appearance under the quick action of the dye. The eyebrows were next treated in like manner, and the bloodstained and swollen face was smeared with dirt. The next step was to saturate the transformed man's upper garments with whiskey.

"Now," mused the stranger, "it will be a wise man who can recognize Roderick Van Nostrand in this rum-soaked tramp."

So saying he picked up the still senseless Van Nostrand, carried him stealthily downstairs, opened the front door,

and dropped the body on the pavement outside. No one had seen them. "I think he's coming to his senses," observed the man, bestowing a parting kick on the inert body, and calmly re-entering the house.

(To Be Continued.)

LOOK OUT FOR  
**The Girl in Red**  
New Prize Story. Next Monday.

## What's Her Name?

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
Roderick Van Nostrand, a wealthy young Brooklyn man, is told by Mother Rebekah, a former fortune-teller, that a certain "Girl in Black" is destined to bring him either happiness or death. Rebekah gives him as a talisman a bracelet on which the following sentence is written: "When Victory shall seem lost, Fate's Hand Will Wreck the Victor's Plans." In this sentence are scattered at random letters which form the name of the girl. When Van Nostrand shall guess the name, Rebekah says, he will win the girl. Van Nostrand meets and loves a girl named Black, but she demands that he guess her name. She also saves him from death at the hands of a notorious man who has shadowed him for weeks. Shaun Lovell, Rebekah's grandson, loves Laura Lovell, a girl who loves Van Nostrand, and who holds a love charm that once would have destroyed Roderick. Should this image be destroyed, according to a prophecy, his friends will die. Van Nostrand discovers that some one has been impersonating him among his friends. He returns home one night to find himself confronted by an unexpected visitor.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A Likeness and a Fight.

Roderick Van Nostrand turned in silence and faced the intruder. His face was deathly white and his eyes seemed starting from his head. There, in the soft glow of the cluster of electric lights stood a man, tall, athletically built, well dressed. A mane of ruddy golden hair crowned his elastic head and a pair of big blue eyes looked unflinchingly into Roderick's.

But what robbed Van Nostrand of color and speech was the fact that his intruder was his exact double. Every feature of Van Nostrand's every lineament, the pose and the carriage of the head, were duplicated in this new being. The voice that had made known his presence, too, was Roderick's.

For a full minute the two men stood staring at one another in silence; Van Nostrand white, aghast, incredulous; his "double" suave, amused, alert.

"Who are you?" asked Roderick, at last, finding his voice.

"I'm Roderick Van Nostrand, of No.

## How Do You Keep Your Husband Home Nights?

Answer This Simple Question and Win \$25 in Prizes.

### How to Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

THE EVENING WORLD offers the following prizes for the best answers to the above question:

A prize of \$10 for a letter from a wife who has successfully kept her husband home nights for the longest number of years.

A prize of \$10 for the most convincing letter telling how to keep your husband home nights.

A consolation prize of \$5 to the woman who has tried the hardest and failed to keep her husband home nights.

Letters must not be over 100 words in length and must be written on one side of the paper only to receive attention. Address letters to "Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Evening World."

many men who are permitting or exacting of their wives the humiliating services that betoken a condition of domestic inequality, the wife, the mental and inferior; the husband, the lord and superior being, may recognize their pen portraits and mend their ways forthwith.

#### Remains at Home Because Happy.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

HAVE been married more than sixteen years, have lived in the city, and my husband has never been from home nights, except when business of interest to us both called him. How have I kept him home? I have studied his likes and dislikes, and I take the same delight in his happiness as before we were married. I love and trust him and let him know it. I have made myself as agreeable all these years as though it were the first year. I continue as I began. I avoid the first quarrel; avoid harsh words. They cannot be recalled. Love is a plant that flourishes best under good cultivation. It is no task to serve one we love. My husband remains where he is made most happy—at home. ANNA B.

#### A Homopathic Cure.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I AM married eight years and my husband always came home at 8 and 4 o'clock in the morning. I would not stand him coming home at that hour. I packed my trunk and went back to my father's house for two weeks. He would come over and beg me to come home with him and promised he would come home early at night. I tried him again and he again stayed out at night. This time I pretended to be ill. I love and trust him and he went out looking for me. Now he stays home at night watching me. M. A. Y.

#### Here's a Plan Worth Considering.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I HAVE done all in my power to make married life a success. When only married a short time always look clean and neat. Your home must be sweet and clean, your meals good and appetizing. Do not complain of aches and pains. Read to one another. I happen to play the piano, and many evenings are spent in this way. I never saw

she lives a sweet and fragrant life, physically, mentally and morally; keeps herself immaculate and daintily attired; her mind full of kind thoughts; her morals above reproach; she will be prized above rubies, and her husband will want to be with her always and to bask in the sweetness and rest of the home she will create. It is the old principle, "More fire is sought with sugar than with vinegar," but at the same time it is well to remember sugar alone grows monotonous, and a pinch of spice at the right time is relished by the best of men.

#### A Happy Experience.

My Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I'VE been married for twenty-two years of married life and my husband was home every evening except when he took the children or me out with him. As soon as his work was finished he came right home and stayed there. He preferred my company to all others, and he loved his home and family.

#### Temperament Must Be Studied.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I regard to husbands staying home at night. I have been married ten years and can say truthfully that my husband has never been out at night unless I was with him. We started that way and have always continued it. He is a man that likes life, and I am the same. Whenever he wants me to go out with him I go. You have got to study husbands' dispositions like a book. In my home I do everything that I know he likes. He never does anything unless he asks me first.

#### Mrs. FRANCES B.

#### Men Relish a Pinch of Spice.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

EVERY effect has a cause, and if a man roams abroad at night it is because he is better entertained there than at home. Duty alone never holds either man or woman through to the end. There will be an outbreak somewhere. The personality of the wife creates the atmosphere of the home. If

### OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Grandma—Now, Johnny, sit down and tell me why your father whipped you. Johnny—I'd rather stand up and tell you.

#### Sunday-school Teacher—Do you love your enemies, Tommy?

Tommy—I do wish of enemies—the big ones or the little ones?

#### Aunt Mary—I do wish the good Lord had made me a man!

Little Flossie—Perhaps he did, auntie, and you haven't been able to find him yet.

#### "Say, mamma," queried little Harold, "am I a barber?"

"Certainly not, dear," replied his mother. "What put that idea into your head?"

"An abstract noun," said the teacher of the juvenile grammar class, "is the name of something you can think of but cannot touch. Now, Harry, can you give an example?"

"Yes, ma'am; a red-hot poker," promptly replied the youthful student.—Chicago News.

## The Home Dressmaker

BY MME. JUDICE

### Pretty, but Serviceable.

Dear Mrs. Judice:

PLEASE give me a design for a pretty dress of lined material. I expect to be married in it. I would like something pretty, but serviceable. I have about twelve yards of thirty-nine-inch goods. I have a 34-inch bust.

M. M.

old rose silk. A soft finish lace of white, rather wide, with a narrow edge of blue edge, either gathered or plain, will give you a very dressy gown. A crush of black satin will give a chic touch.

### How to Trim a Waist.

Dear Mrs. Judice:

I WOULD suggest some pretty way to trim a waist like inclosed sample for a young lady of nineteen, with 28 bust, blond hair, brown eyes and very pale complexion.

Mrs. M. L.

Your suit and blue, pink and mauve would need a trimming of a very decided pattern to give the waist character. Any of the shades more pronounced, as a band trimming or all three—say narrow satin or velvet ribbon—laid one over the other as a sort of piping in spaces between tucks will be pretty. I would suggest cadet blue, old rose pink and golden brown. These are the deeper shades of the material and will help bring out your complexion.

### Amusements.

#### HORSE SHOW

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

NOV. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21.

#### GRAND EXHIBITION OF HORSES,

MONDAY, NOV. 18.

SHOW OPENS AT 9 A. M.

Judging Harness Horses, Roadsters, Saddle Horses, Four-in-Hand, Tandems, Hunters and Thoroughbreds.

CONCERTS BY LANDER.

The Seats in the Two Upper Galleries Are Not Reserved.

#### 14th St. Theatre

Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21.

A Story of the "LIGHTS OF HOME."

"BEST PLAY IN TOWN."—Press.

#### Manhattan

Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21.

JAMES HACKETT IN JOHN K.

Next Mon. Chas. Richmond in Capt. Barrington

#### CIRCLE

Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21.

Mrs. GREY THURSTON, MRS. MRS. S. DREW, MRS. MRS. S. DREW, MRS. MRS. S. DREW.

Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21.

#### KEITH'S

Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21.

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### Amusements.

#### NEW EMPIRE THEATRE

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### Amusements.

#### PROCTOR'S

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